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SONNETS.

I.

THE DISTANT MOUNTAIN-RANGE.

THEY beckon from their sunset-domes afar,
 Light's royal priesthood, the eternal hills.
 Though born of earth, robed of the sky they are;
 And the anointing radiance heaven distills
 O'er their high brows, the air with glory fills.
 The portals of the west are opened wide;
 And lifted up, absolved from earthly ills,
 All thoughts, a reverent throng, to worship glide.
 The hills interpret heavenly mysteries,
 The mysteries of Light—an open book
 Of Revelation: see, its leaves unfold
 With crimson borderings, and lines of gold:
 While the rapt reader, though soul-deep his look,
 Dreams of a glory deeper than he sees.

II.

THE PRESENCE.

The mountain statelier lifts his blue-veiled head
 As drawing near, we meet him face to face.
 Here, upon holy ground, we softly tread.
 Yet, with a tender and paternal grace
 He gives the wild flowers in his lap a place;
 They climb his sides, as fondled infants might,
 And wind around him, in a light embrace,
 Their summer drapery, pink and clinging white.
 Great hearts have largest room to bless the small.
 Strong natures give the weaker home and rest.
 So Christ took little children to his breast,
 And with a reverence more profound, we fall
 In the majestic presence that can give
 Truth's simplest message: "Tis by love ye live."

III.

THE FAREWELL.

Now ends the hour's communion, near and high.
 We have heard whispers from the mountain's heart,
 And life henceforth is nobler. With a sigh
 Of grateful sadness let us now depart,
 And seek our lower levels: rills that start
 From this hill's bosom, there reflect the sky:
 And a fair valley, in green gladness drest,
 Wears, in its shadow the unconscious art
 Of beautifying that whence it is blest;
 Through this, to labor and to care we move.
 Yet, seldom though the distant peaks unshroud
 Themselves from baffling mist and rainy cloud,
 We, walking o'er the ever-freshened green,
 Shall know the sources of our life above,
 Among the mountain-heights of the Unseen.

AFTER all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.—*Shaftebury.*

THE MAID OF TREPPI.

(From the German of PAUL HEYSE.)

(Concluded.)

A SOMBRE light filled the apartment when Filippo awoke, but as his thoughts revived and he raised himself in his bed, he was satisfied that it was not the usual twilight before sunrise. On one side of the room there gleamed a feeble ray of the sun, and he soon perceived that the aperture in the wall which he had left open on retiring, had been closed with a handful of litter. He pushed it out, and the clear, full light of the sun streamed in, nearly blinding him. In great rage with himself for sleeping at all, and with the *contrabbandieri*, and especially with the maid, to whom he ascribed some artifice, he strode immediately to the door, the bolt of which now yielded with a slight touch, and entered the adjoining room. He found Fenice alone, sitting composedly before the hearth as if she had been long awaiting him. There was no sign of yesterday's storm upon her countenance; every trace of emotion had disappeared; there was no evidence of sadness nor any appearance of forced composure visible to his angry eyes.

"You have contrived it so," said he to her, harshly, "that I should oversleep the hour."

"Yes," she answered, indifferently. "You were weary. You will reach Pistoia early enough to meet the murderers in the afternoon."

"I did not ask you to consult my weariness. Will you still force yourself on me? You will gain nothing by it, girl,—where are my guides?"

"Gone."

"Gone? Dare you insult me! Where are they? 'Tis absurd to suppose that they would depart before I paid them!" and saying this, he strode to the door to go outside.

Fenice remained sitting unconcernedly, and replied in the same quiet manner: "I paid them myself. I told them that you needed repose, and that I would conduct you the rest of the way. Our stock of wine is out, and I have to procure some more an hour this side of Pistoia."

He was too angry to reply immediately. "No," said he, finally bursting forth, "never will I stir one step with you! It is folly, you hypocritical serpent, to seek to involve me in your coils and thus overcome me! Now, we are farther apart than ever! I despise you for holding me weak and silly enough to be won by these petty schemes! With you I will not go. Send one of your men—and here repay yourself what you gave to the *contrabbandieri*."

He flung his purse to her, opened the door, and proceeded to look for some one to conduct him on his journey. "Give yourself no trouble," said she, "you will find none of the men within call; they are on the moun-